

The Florence Tribune.

VOL. VIII.

FLORENCE, PINAL COUNTY, ARIZONA, SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1899.

NO. 20.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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EYE AND EAR. Phoenix, Arizona.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and residence at hospital Florence, Arizona.

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Will be - - -

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Table supplied with the best the market affords.

Elegantly Furnished Rooms AND ALL MODERN APPOINTMENTS.

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(INCORPORATED 1892.)

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Sell cheap for cash.

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Florence, - - - Arizona.

THE SILVER QUEEN.

A True Arizona Love Story.

BY JOSEPH MULHATTON.

The tale of love I am about to unfold is one that will appeal to the hearts of all true lovers.

Sally Jane Simkins had become a new woman. She had not been born again, it is true, but she had put on bloomers and left Jacksonville, Florida, to go out in the world to prospect for a husband; or, rather, an affinity, that would satisfy the inner cravings of a soul that was hungry for love. True love! Spiritual love! Affinity love! Soul love!

Sally Jane Simkins had been disappointed in love. She had set the standard of her ideal very high for this earthly common-place world and had found an end to all perfection in man—that is, Physical Man. And now she found herself at forty, not fat and forty, but lean, lean, and ugly.

Her cheeks were not like the rose bud; but in color, consistency and comfort were like unto a cold buckwheat cake. She stood six feet four in her stockings or without her stockings, and there was a wild, weird, cadaverous look about her as of one who had just arisen from the tomb.

Once she was handsome, but sorrow and disappointment in love, many, many times, had left its traces. She had her fortune told by a wandering astrologer a few days previous to her starting on her journey.

In casting the horoscope of her nativity he told her that her ascendant planet was Jupiter, and that in Apollo's golden chariot she was destined to ride; that there was an affinity awaiting her in a land far, far to the west, where the opalescent light of a beautiful corona, generated from an Arizona sunset, shed its regal rays over deserts of fascinating cactus. Thither Sally Jane Simkins determined to wander. She would trust in the higher powers to guide and direct her to her affinity, just as a homing pigeon is guided, surely and safely by a magnetic attraction to its home; even though it be hundreds of miles distant—even as in the spiritual part of man guided to its home in the heavens though it be millions of miles distant.

Oh! Oh! Sally Jane Simkins journeyed, guided, directed by an intelligent, invisible force that urged her onward.

Her arrival at the Silver King mine to Pinal County, Arizona, created a profound sensation.

It had been a very eventful day there. Bear-eyed Bob had killed three men the night previous, and the new graveyard over in the cactus grove had that day received its sixty-fifth tenant. Sally Jane Simkins was the first woman who had ever visited the camp, and many of the men had not seen one for years. There was a general scurrying to and fro for the only blacking brush which had been left there by a dissolute English lord. Mr. C. F. Schilling was the first man upon whom her eyes were riveted, as he stood talking to Mr. Peter Brady and Bear-eyed Bob.

The magnetic affinity-announcer in the heart of Sally Jane Simkins gave notice that her affinity was near.

It was all that Mr. Schilling could do to resist the circumspect influence she cast around him, and as soon as he could gather his bewildered and scattered senses he fled from the scene in terror.

Mr. Schilling was greatly in contrast to Sally Jane Simkins, being fat, fair and thirty, and standing five feet four in his stockings; weighing about 250 pounds, a generally whole-souled fellow, as broad as he was long. He fled to Mineral Creek, and is a woman, later to this day, never recovered from the nervous shock given him that eventful day of his life by Sally Jane Simkins.

The Gypsy carriage in which she had journeyed from Jacksonville, Florida, and which she had made to order, was a model of neatness and comfort, fitted up with nearly every convenience the modern railroad car can boast of. Sally Jane Simkins had spared no expense in fitting it up, as she had amassed a considerable fortune in Jacksonville in keeping a fashionable boarding house for northern tourists, where she carefully studied boarding house characters and the gross animal side of men and women as she catered to their baser necessities.

The second night after her arrival at the Silver King a crowd of young men who had grown unduly hilarious from a session spent in the Hilarity saloon, pushed the beautiful carriage over the hill, together with Sally Jane Simkins and all its precious contents. A loud scream from its inmate brought almost the entire camp to the rescue, for over half the men were lying awake thinking of her. "Cupid's darts had pierced their hearts," and

"HER POWERS CIRCEAN HAD CAUSED THEM TO HAVE."

A great fight ensued, in which eleven men were killed and fourteen seriously wounded.

Bear-eyed Bob killed nine of them personally, and so distinguished himself as to attract not only the attention of the owner of the carriage, as he rescued her from her perilous position, but also the soul of the woman itself. Their eyes met; there was that quick, magnetic glance and that thrill of magnetic joy by which one affinity recognizes the other. They fell into each others arms, as if by mutual attraction, and imprinted long, loud kisses upon each others magnetic lips, greatly to the astonishment of the motley crowd that gathered around them and who had no idea that it was possible for two affinities to wander, not only over the face of this little planet we call the earth, in search of each other, but also over the entire disc of this great magnetic universe in a higher form of spiritual life, not only for one or two or a dozen years, but for thousands or millions of them.

Bear-eyed Bob had had an experience somewhat similar to that of Sally Jane Simkins.

He, too, had been disappointed in love and grown sick and weary of

WHAT IS KNOWN AS SOCIETY in the 400 circles. His magnetic, sensitive nature realized how utterly hollow it all was.

He left a home of luxury and a large circle of acquaintances to join a scientific society, and soon made one of a party that went to Egypt to explore the pyramids. He was the only son and only heir of Count Cumberland, one of the most renowned and wealthy noblemen of all England. He left England a confirmed woman hater, yet feeling that he would at some time find his affinity, if not on this planet, at least somewhere in this great universe.

He went to India and studied the beauties of theosophy. He fully believed in the reincarnation of souls, and in Ravens, in progression, and that man had powers within himself to advance spiritually on this earth, so that he would come in touch with a higher order of invisible intelligence while his spirit was still fettered by his body and its earthly surroundings.

Some invisible force impelled him to wander to Arizona. He had reached the Silver King just three months before Sally Jane Simkins, and on the same day the astrologer had told her fortune, and, disguising himself as a miner, was given employment by Hon. Sidney Bartleson, who was then the superintendent.

The second day a premature discharge of powder nearly ruined his eyes, and from that day on he was known as Bear-eyed Bob. The men he killed were nearly all cowardly desperadoes, professional holy terrors, who had drifted to the Silver King from Tombstone and other hard camps. They made sport of Bear-eyed Bob, and when intoxicated had flourished their six-shooters over his head and took delight in showing their true marksmanship by shooting holes through his hat, his coat sleeves and his trousers legs until he was compelled in self-defense to root out such a tough element.

Bill Truman was then the sheriff of Pinal county, and a more popular man never trod the thorny deserts or encountered tougher men than he did. He was a man and a gentleman, every inch of him, and possessed of coolness and rare discriminating powers which served well on that eventful night.

Mr. Truman has long since passed over to that spiritual realm of life and intelligence—gone to seek his affinity there! But his many daring deeds and noble acts are cherished and engraved in letters of gold upon the tablets of the memories of those who survive him.

After a speech of burning eloquence by Mr. Truman, the disappointed lovers of Sally Jane Simkins decided to spare the life of Bear-eyed Bob. Some of them made this magnanimous concession rather reluctantly, as jealousy, that hideous, green-eyed monster, was asserting himself very strongly. The better part of their rough natures, however, finally prevailed, and their congratulations were unanimous, after which they adjourned to Hilarity Hall to make a night of it.

The next morning the happy affinities were escorted to Florence, where the marriage ceremony was performed by the pastor of the Presbyterian church, and a grand reception was given them at the palatial residence of Judge Suiffen, which was attended by nearly all the elite and many of the edariks of the beautiful little city; Mr. C. D. Reppy being master of ceremonies on the occasion, and presiding as gracefully as in competing in the cake-walks of the present day.

A few days after the wedding a telegram came to Florence from London, England, conveying the sad intelligence of the death of Count Cumberland. His title and all his property was left to Bear-eyed Bob, his only son and rightful heir.

Sally Jane Simkins thus became the Countess of Cumberland!

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

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Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Two months later the Count and Countess Cumberland sent out many "At Home" cards from their beautiful villa on the River Thames, near London, and adjoining Buckingham palace, where Queen Victoria resides. They still remember their many friends in Florence and all throughout that part of Arizona, and every year send out their invitations.

Last year a party of Arizona people who had been touring in the Holy Land near Jerusalem, stopped over in London a few days and paid a visit to the Count and Countess. The party consisted of A. F. Barker, Gabriel Angulo, W. Y. Price, Willie Benson, Jr., ex-Governor Hughes, Editor Mussey, Prof. Metz and Editor Reppy.

The Count and Countess Cumberland presented them at court, and a warm welcome was extended them by the Queen. A great banquet was ordered by the Queen to be given in Buckingham palace on the following evening, to which the Prince of Wales and family, the Lord Mayor of London, and scores of others of the nobility were invited. They had all heard the romantic story of the Count and Countess, and were deeply interested in the living witnesses from Arizona to testify to the wonderful story of the actual meeting of two affinities from different parts of the world and under such peculiar circumstances.

The party of distinguished Arizona people, just mentioned, got back last November, and report that the once homely Sally Jane Simkins has grown portly and, indeed, beautiful, since finding her affinity; and with such beautiful surroundings, it has that effect it seems! Brooding over sorrow or disappointment in love has a tendency to warp, wither and blight all that is beautiful and bright in life, and one can become physically ugly, as well as spiritually ugly.

The Countess really has been reincarnated, born again, spiritually, and by this new spiritual power was enabled to gain also physical beauty. She says we all have the power within us to make ourselves beautiful, both physically and spiritually. She says if we are in the depths of sin, misery and discouragement, we become hideously ugly, while if we get assistance from the higher invisible beings of intelligence around us through the direction of the Eternal One, we can soar while yet in the flesh in the highest realms of spiritual and intellectual life until our bright, peaceful, inner life is mirrored in our faces and we become radiantly beautiful.

The Count and Countess are living in splendor, having all their hearts could desire. They are blessed with two beautiful children, whose pet names are "The Silver Prince" and "The Silver Princess." The Count has given the Countess the name of "The Silver Queen," as he found her at the Silver King.

Disconsolate old maids would do well to emulate the example set by Sally Jane Simkins and go out prospecting for husbands that are affinities. Don't be in a hurry about marrying. "Look well before you leap." Don't marry a hog, even if he has a trough full of swill he calls gold. Seek the spiritual, intellectual man—the Affinity Man.

The Phoenix Daily Herald has been reorganized again. Negotiations for its reconstruction have been going on for several weeks and were ended only late yesterday afternoon. The precise plan of reorganization has not been given to the public. It is only known that Harvey H. Helm, a mining man of Wickenburg, has put \$4,000 into the enterprise and that he will be represented by Paul Hull, who will take the business management of the paper. N. A. Morford will still be the editor.—Republican.

A very enjoyable evening was spent by a part of young people who assembled at the residence of Mrs. Guild on Alameda and Church streets last night, the occasion being the twenty-first birthday of Knott Guild. Refreshments were served late in the evening, after which the event broke up.—(Tucson Star.)

The St. Louis Westliche Post, a republican paper says: "The Germans are a unit in opposition to forcible annexation by criminal aggression." The question will be carried into the next national convention, before there means the formation of a new political party.

A SPRING TRAGEDY.

A bluebird sat on a picket fence;
He thought that it was spring.
Just then a bilizard began to blizz;
"Twas late, but apparently out for blizz;
And it didn't do a thing
To the bird!

Oh, the bird had turned his twitter up,
And twittered a happy twit;
But the bilizard gave one fearful blast;
That twitter it was the twitter's last.
For he fell from the fence where he'd
sought to sit—

Dead bird,
—(Cleveland Leader.)

The Poem That McKinley Apologized for.

The poem which aroused the ire of Emperor William was composed by Capt. Jack Myers, of the Olympia marines, and recited at a private banquet by Capt. Coghlan. As the poem has caused slight international unpleasantness, it becomes historical matter, and is thus given a dignity which its real worth as a literary production does not merit. Following is a copy of the poem:

HOCH DER KAISER.
Der Kaiser von das Vaterland.
Und Gott und I all things command;
We two, ach, don't you understand?
MEINSELF—und Gott.

Vile some men sing der bower divine,
Mein soldiers sing "Die Wacht am Rhein."
Und drink der health in Rhensh wine—
OF ME—und Gott.

There's France—she swaggers all around;
She's ausgeriebt, she's no around.
To much, we think, she don't amount—
MEINSELF—und Gott.

She will dare to fight again;
But if she should, I'll show her blain.
Dat Elsas (und in French) Loraine—
Are MEIN—by Gott!

Dere's Grandma, dinks she's nicht schmall
aber,
Mit flowers and such she interfere;
She'll learn none owns dis hemisphere—
But ME—und Gott.

She dinks, good frau, some ships she's got.
Und soldiers mit der sworded coat.
Ach! We could knock 'em—poof—like dot—
MEINSELF—mit Gott.

In times of peace prepare for wars.
I bear der helm and spear of Mars.
Und care not for der dousand Chas—
MEINSELF—und Gott.

In fact, I humor every whim,
Mit aspect dark and visage grim—
Gott pulls mit ME—und I mit Him—
MEINSELF—und Gott.

A dispatch of the 26th from Wardner, Idaho, says: Wardner was today the scene of the worst riot since the deadly labor war of 1892. One man is dead, another is thought to be mortally wounded, and property valued at \$250,000 has been destroyed by giant powder and fire. The damage was done by union men and their sympathizers from Canyon creek, about twenty miles from Wardner. One thousand armed strikers, bringing with them 3,000 pounds of giant powder (many of the men masked), burned up houses and blew up mills to the value of nearly \$300,000.

A deed conveying five claims, in Jerome district, from the United Verde Copper company, Junior, to the United Verde Copper company (stated consideration, \$1), was filed for record Wednesday. As the deed bore \$75 worth of revenue stamps, the real value of the transfer was \$75,000.—(Prescott Courier.)

Wash G. Henry, whose absence has considerably worried his friends during the last six months, made his appearance yesterday. He has been in the mountains ever since the snow storm and was not aware that he was the cause of any uneasiness.—(Silver Belt.)

The recent action of Georgia citizens in burning a negro at the stake after fearfully mutilating him, emphasizes the fact that the great American people are engaged in waging a war of humanity for the purpose of civilizing savages.—(Silver Belt.)

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Paraffine Wax

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